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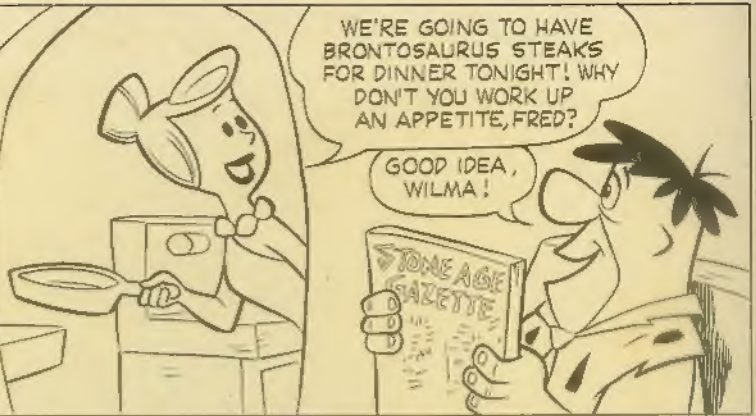
HANNA AND BARBERA'S

THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES

BAD NEWS TONIGHT



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

UP IN THE AIR



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

THE FLINTSTONES, No. 5, May-June, 1962. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold F. Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Application for second-class entry pending at New York, New York and Postoffice at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and possessions 90c per year. Subscriptions in Canada \$1.15 per year; Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.40 per year. Dell Subscription Service; Box 2200, Grand Central P.O., New York 17, N.Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

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CRASH!



CRACK!

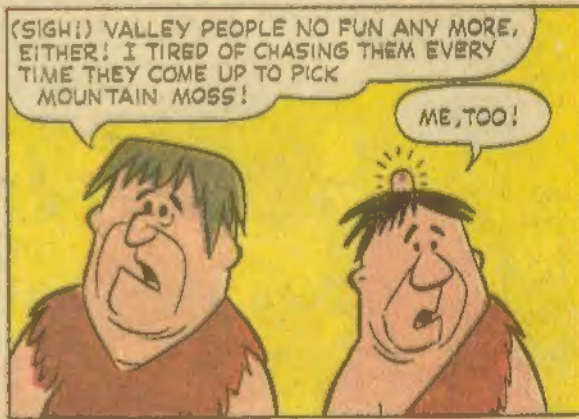


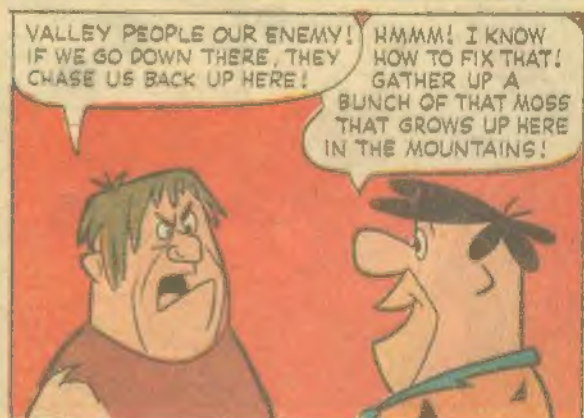






THE MOUNTAIN MEN TAKE THE BOYS BACK TO THEIR CAMP...





SHORTLY...

LOOK! TWO INVADERS COME
BACK FROM MOUNTAIN, UNHURT.

AND THEY'RE CARRYING
OUR FAVORITE FOOD:
MOUNTAIN MOSS!



HOW? HOW YOU
GET ALL THIS?

EASY, CHIEF. I'LL SHOW
YOU A WAY TO DO IT WITHOUT
EVEN GOING UP IN THE
MOUNTAIN!



YEAH! AND A WAY
TO STOP YOUR BEING
BOPPED WITH
BOULDERS
FROM
THEM,
TOO!

YOU CAN BOTH LIVE IN
PEACEFUL HARMONY,
IF YOU HEAR OUR
PLAN!



WHAT IS THE
MARVELOUS
PLAN YOU
SPEAK OF?

WELL, CHIEF... IT'S
LIKE THIS...

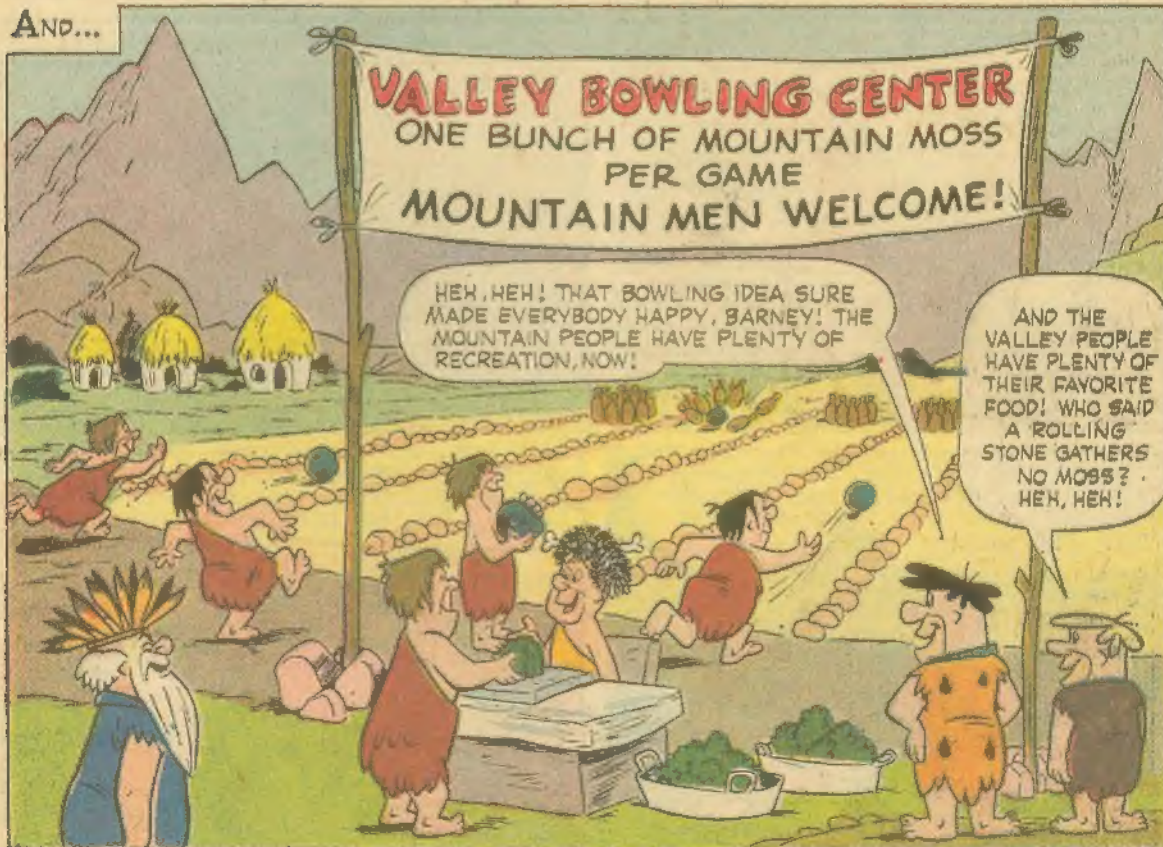


AND...

VALLEY BOWLING CENTER
ONE BUNCH OF MOUNTAIN MOSS
PER GAME
MOUNTAIN MEN WELCOME!

HEH, HEH! THAT BOWLING IDEA SURE
MADE EVERYBODY HAPPY, BARNEY! THE
MOUNTAIN PEOPLE HAVE PLENTY OF
RECREATION, NOW!

AND THE
VALLEY PEOPLE
HAVE PLENTY OF
THEIR FAVORITE
FOOD! WHO SAID
A 'ROLLING'
STONE GATHERS
NO MOSS?
HEH, HEH!



SO, FRED AND BARNEY ARE SOON HEADED FOR HOME WITH THE BEST WISHES OF BOTH THE VALLEY AND THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLES...

WE'RE BACK OVER BEDROCK AGAIN!

LOVE SWEET HOME.

HEY! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT SOME KIND OF A WELCOME COMMITTEE!

THIS IS AN UNWELCOMING COMMITTEE! I OWN THE BEDROCK DEPARTMENT STORE! YOU BROKE SIXTY DOLLARS' WORTH OF WINDOWS WITH THOSE SANDBAGS YOU THREW!

(ULP!) I FORGOT ABOUT THOSE THINGS WE TOSSED OUT THIS MORNING!

WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT SIXTY CENTS, MISTER.

WELL, IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE CASH, I MIGHT TAKE IT OUT IN A TRADE!

A TRADE?

AND...

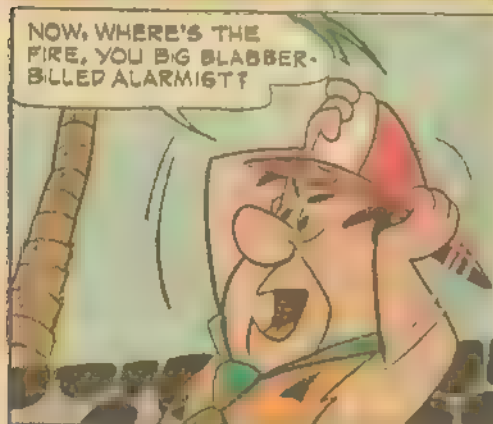
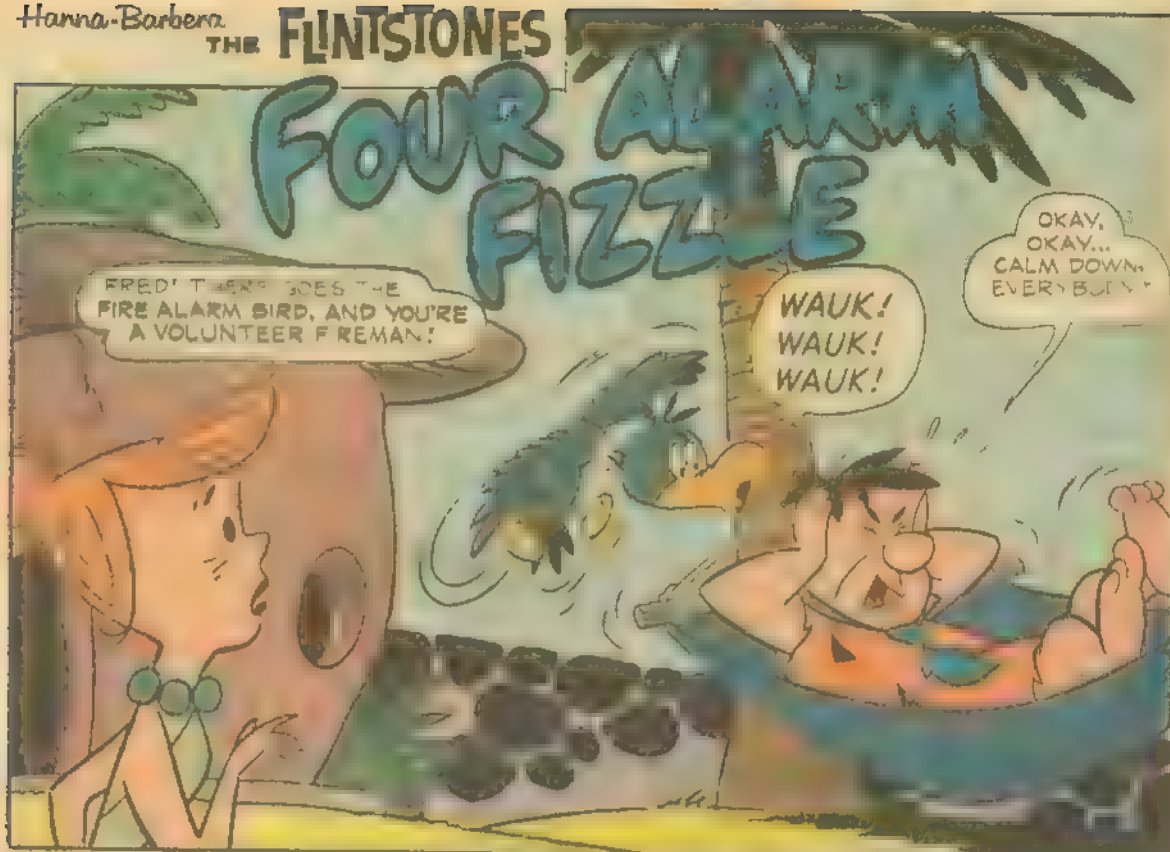
PHOOEY! I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO BE IN ADVERTISING, BUT I SURE DON'T!

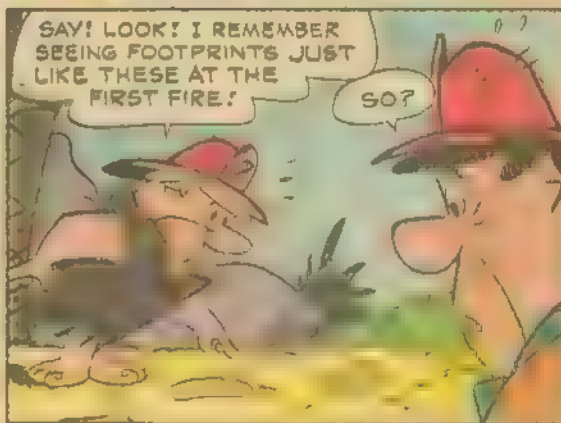
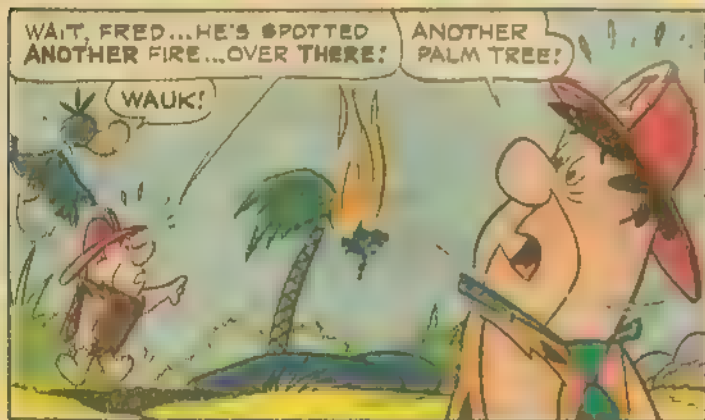
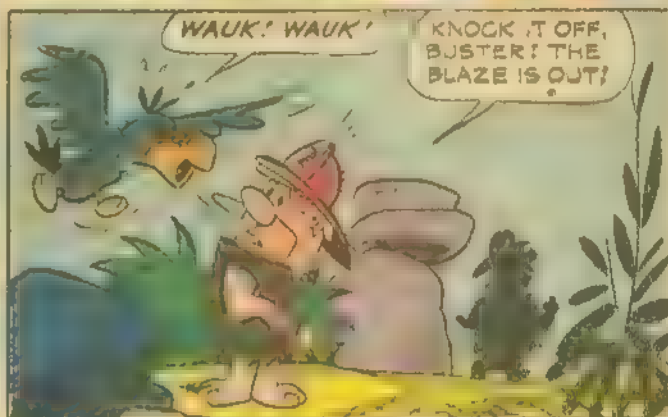
YOU HAVE TO ADMIT IT DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO GET TO THE TOP, THOUGH!

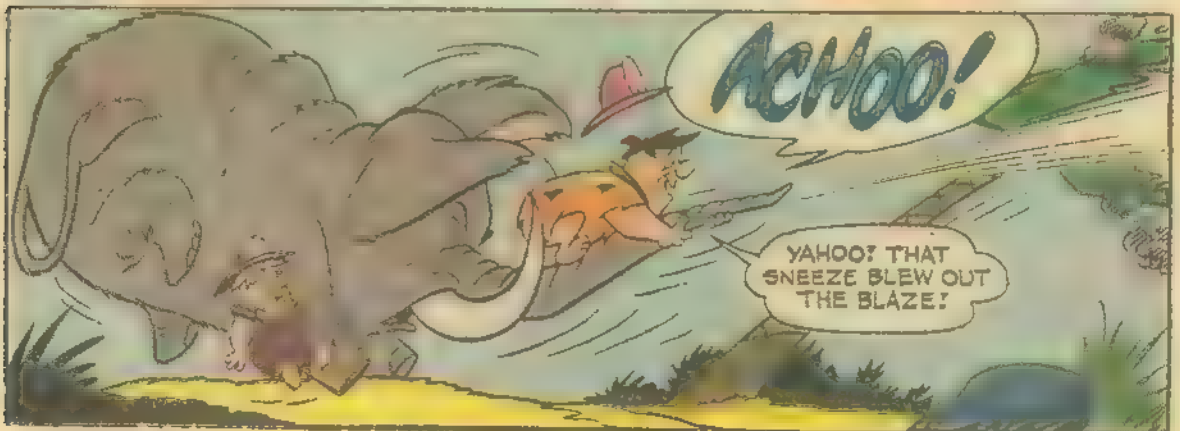
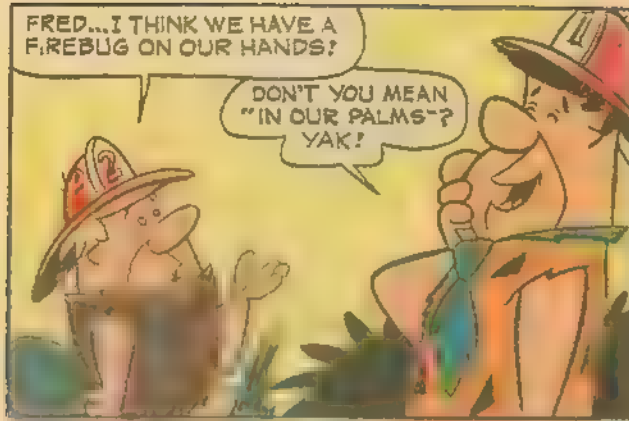
FOR SKY HIGH VALUES SHOP AT BEDROCK DEPT. STORE!

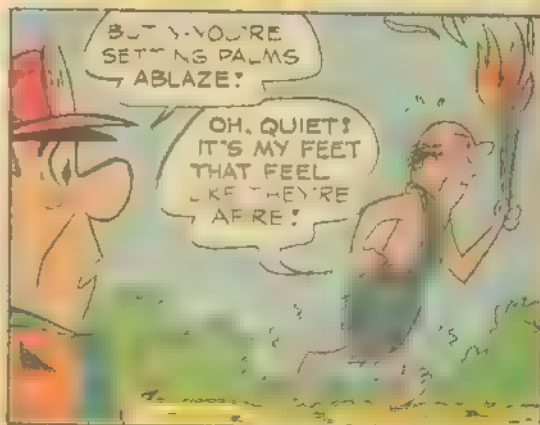
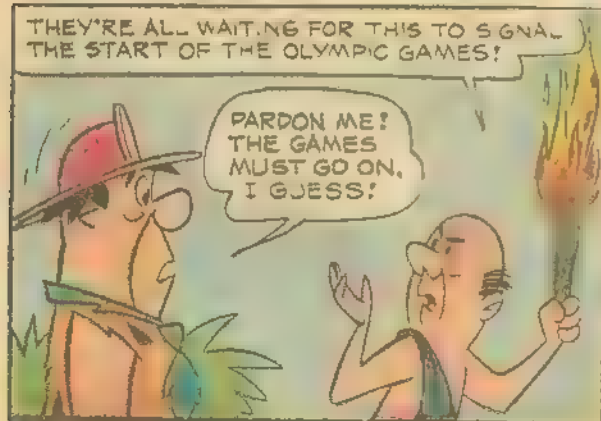
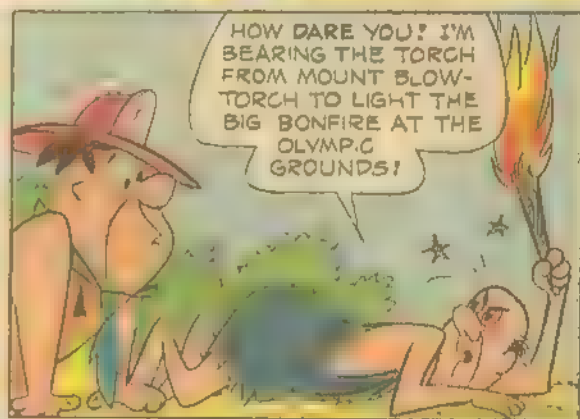
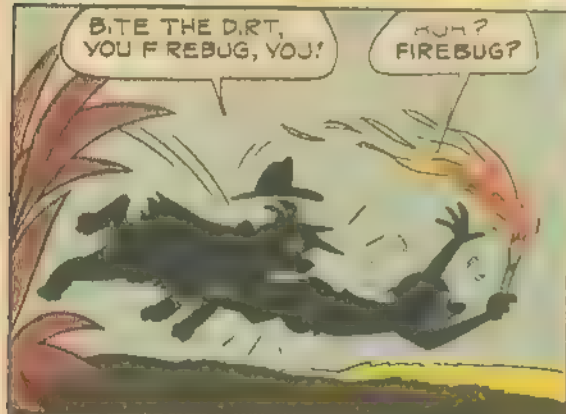
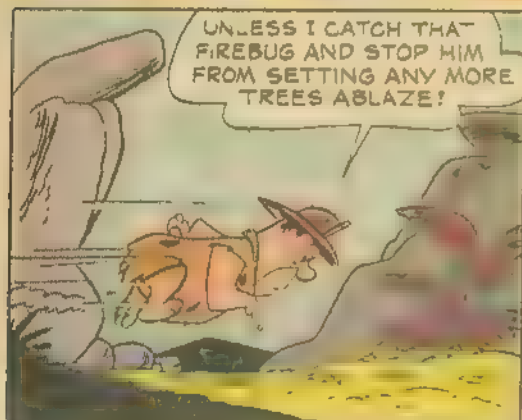
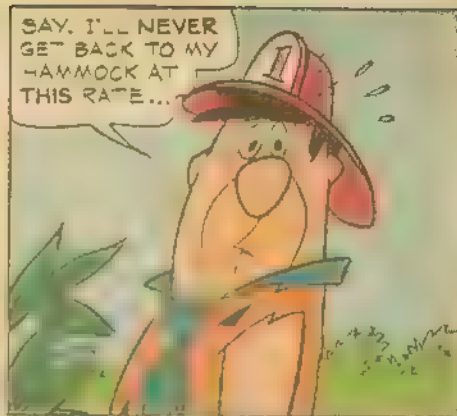
The End

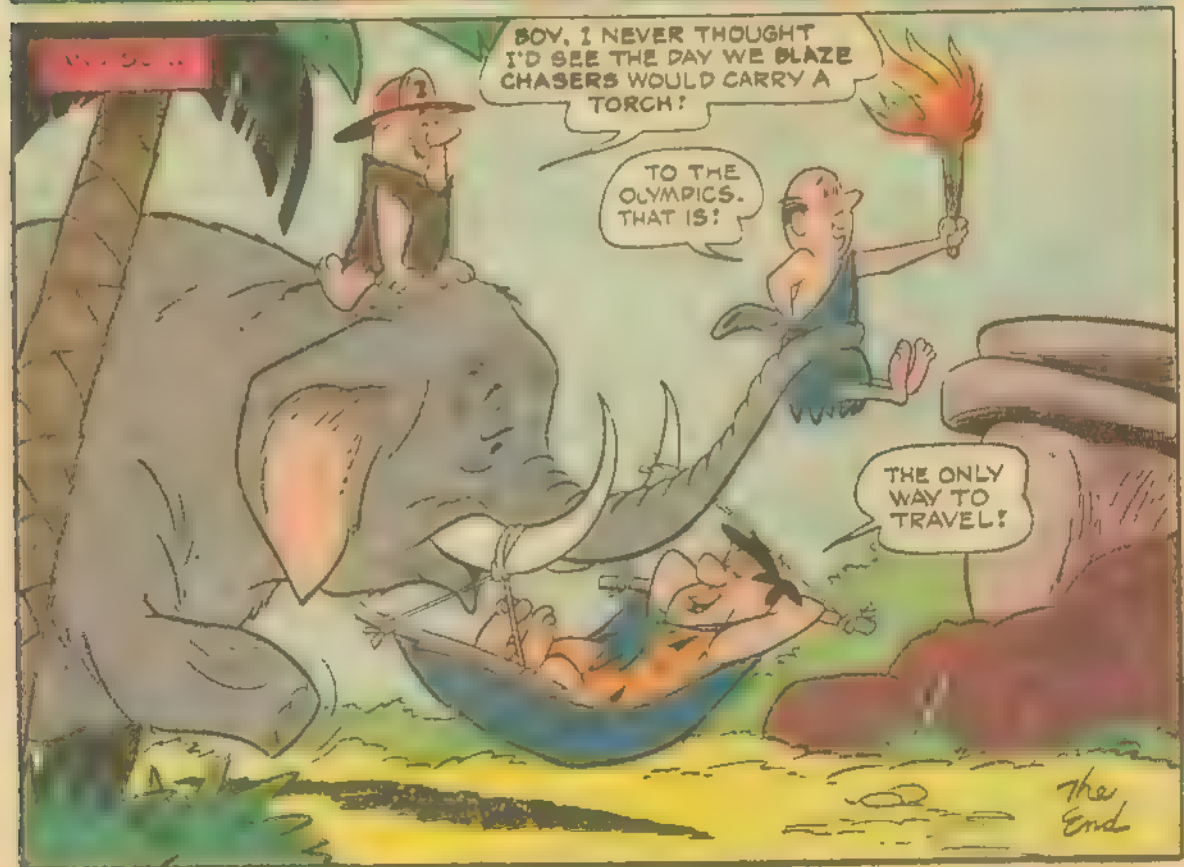
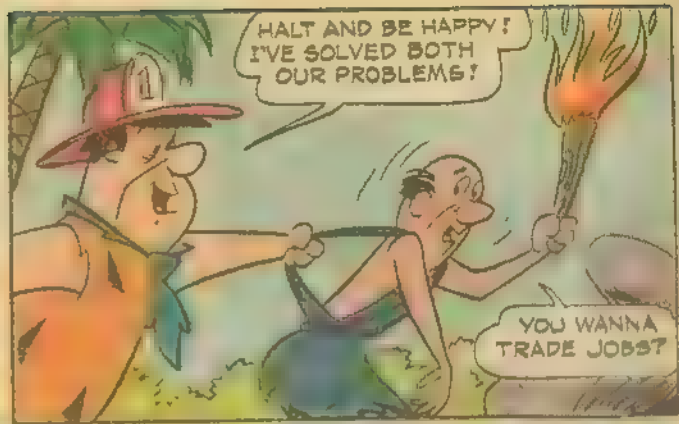
FOUR ALARM FIZZLE

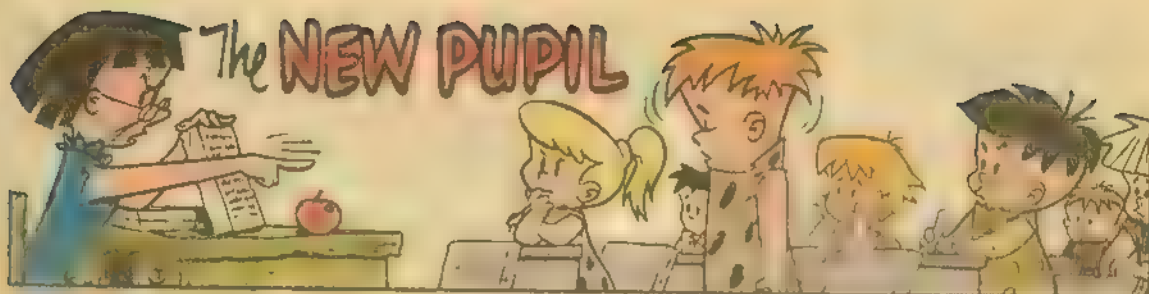












"I wish we could do something to help Pete Sheetrock," Sandy Stone confided to his sister Sally.

Sally nodded unhappily. The two were walking home from school, where the teacher, Miss Gravel, had just given Pete Sheetrock a very bad time indeed. To her, the only things worth knowing were those inscribed on the stone tablets in the school library. The fact that Pete Sheetrock had traveled with a circus, that he could tame wild animals, hang by his ankles from a trapeze, and walk a tightrope did not impress her at all. Pete didn't know history, or stone cutting, or geography. To Miss Gravel, Pete was a real trial.

"It isn't Pete's fault," Sally said hotly. "Until now, he and his folks have been traveling with the circus, and he hasn't been able to go to a real school."

"Miss Gravel's sure hard on him," Sandy mused. "If only he could do something to make her understand him..." He stopped and snapped his fingers. "I've got it!"

"What do you have, Sandy?" Sally asked.

"Never mind," Sandy answered. "Here, take my stuff home. I'll be along later."

Before Sally could protest, he was off and running, headed for Pete's house.

Sandy said nothing when he got home. The next morning, he prodded Sally out of bed early, hurried her through breakfast, and set off to school with her.

As they ran down the hill, Sally and Sandy saw Miss Gravel striding briskly in front of them. They caught up with her as she was opening the schoolhouse door.

"Good morning, children," she smiled.

Miss Gravel swung the door wide, took one look inside, and then fainted dead away.

Sally had time only for a fleeting glance of something large before Sandy swung the door shut again.

Miss Gravel moaned and sat up.

"Get the fire department!" she cried. "A sabre-tooth tiger's in the schoolroom!"

"Yes, ma'am." But Sandy didn't move. Other pupils were beginning to appear.

"Remain calm!" Miss Gravel shouted. "A tiger is in the classroom. Keep back."

The children stared blankly at her, and she suddenly wondered if they believed her. There had never been a tiger in the school before... could she have imagined it? Miss Gravel began to wish fervently that she could be someplace else... right now!

Pete Sheetrock pushed through the crowd and put his eye to a crack in the door. Miss Gravel held her breath.

"Sabre-tooth," announced Pete calmly. Then he turned and said, "Stand back!"

Dazed, everyone stood back. Pete swung the door open and, before anyone could stop him, marched into the schoolroom.

"He'll be killed!" Miss Gravel cried.

There was silence — and then a rumbling purr shook the school. Pete appeared in the doorway, the big tiger brushing against him like a tabby cat.

"I'll be back," Pete promised.

He led the tiger away while the pupils and Miss Gravel watched, gasping.

Sandy sighed, "I guess Miss Gravel won't be so hard on Pete now."

"How," Sally asked accusingly, "could a sabre-tooth get into the schoolhouse?"

"Smart cat," Sandy replied.

"Don't you mean smart Sandy and Pete? But Miss Gravel could have been hurt!" Sally scolded her brother.

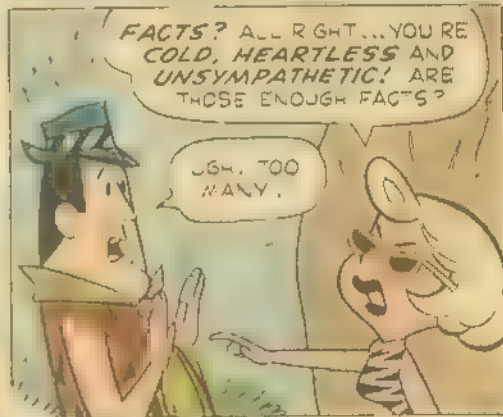
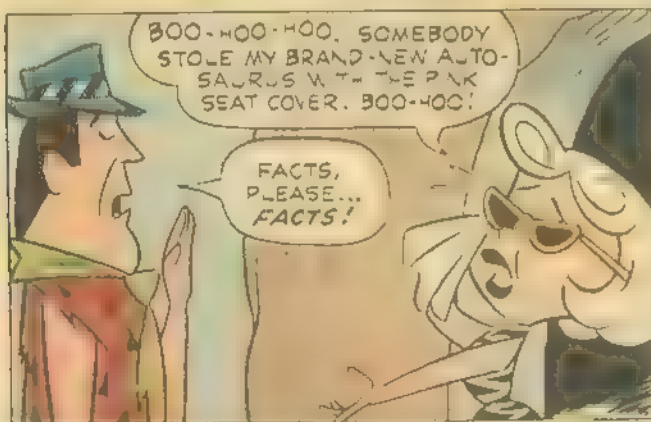
"Not by that cat. It's a circus cat. And it wouldn't hurt a flea," Sandy explained.

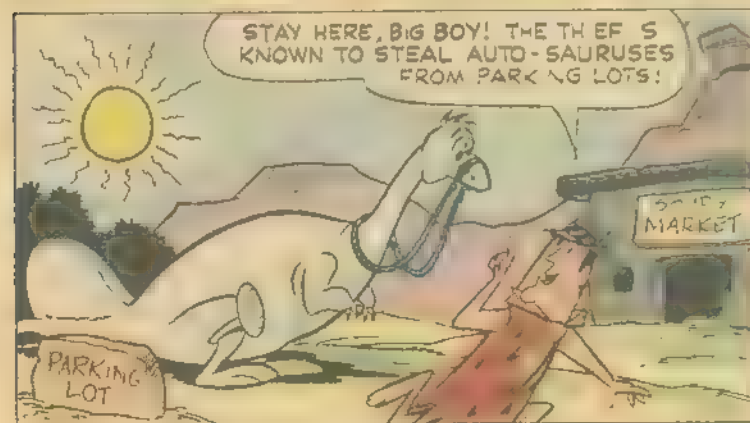
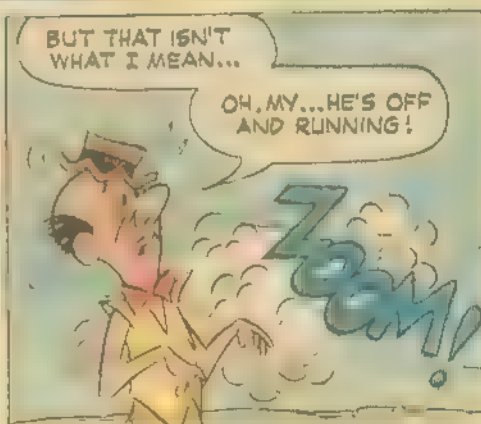
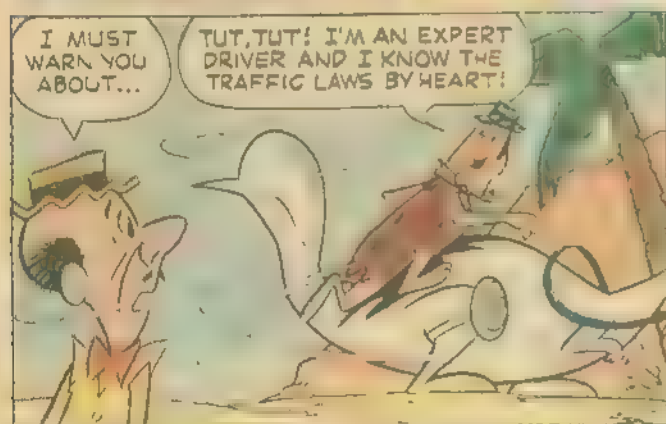
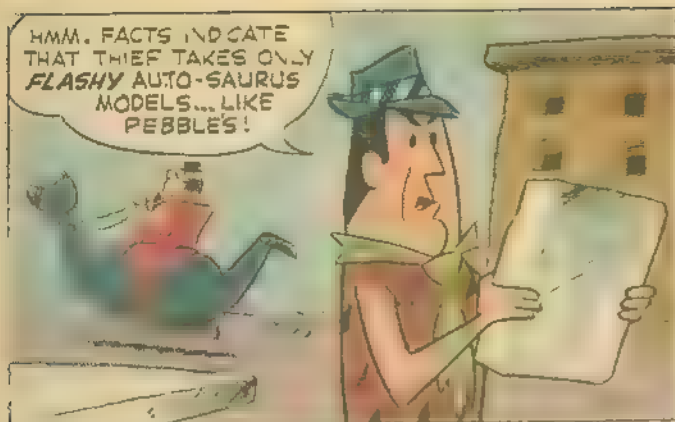
Sally grinned. But before she could say anything, Pete returned. Miss Gravel called her class to order and marched them into the schoolroom, with Pete leading the parade.

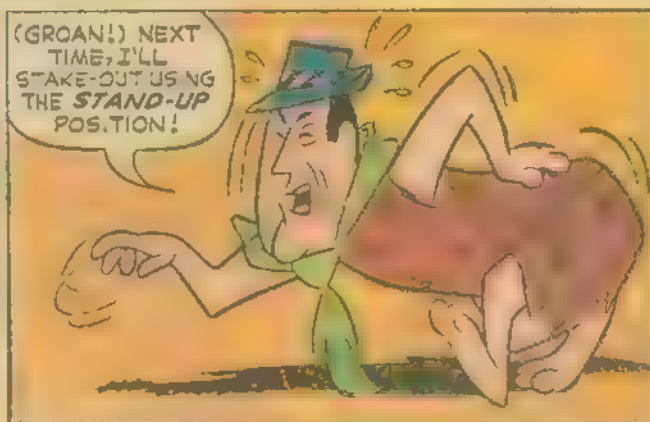
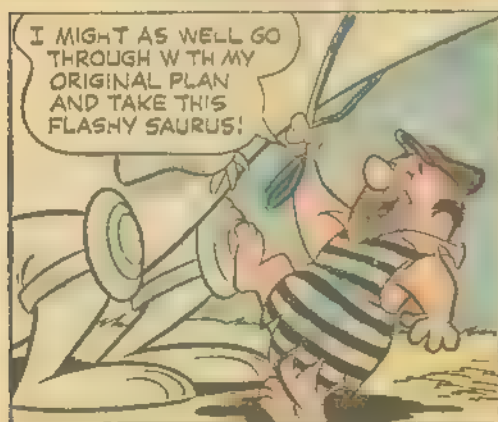
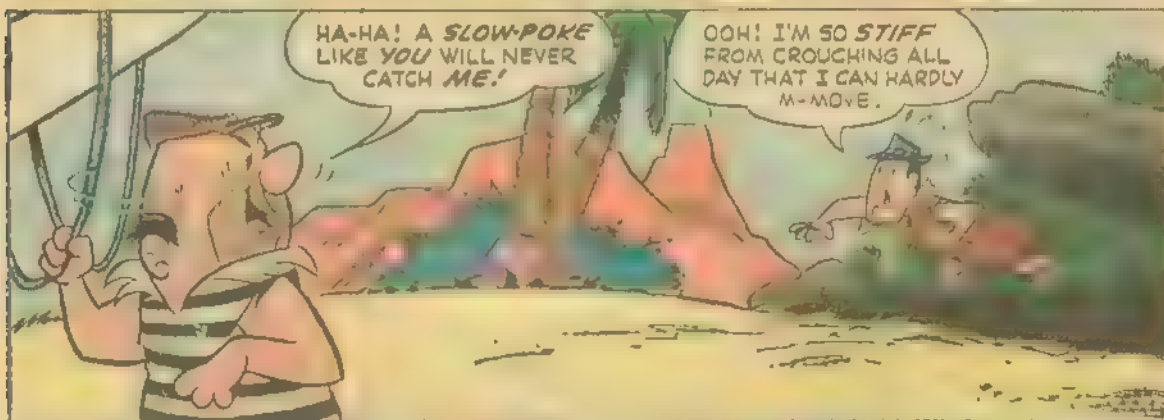
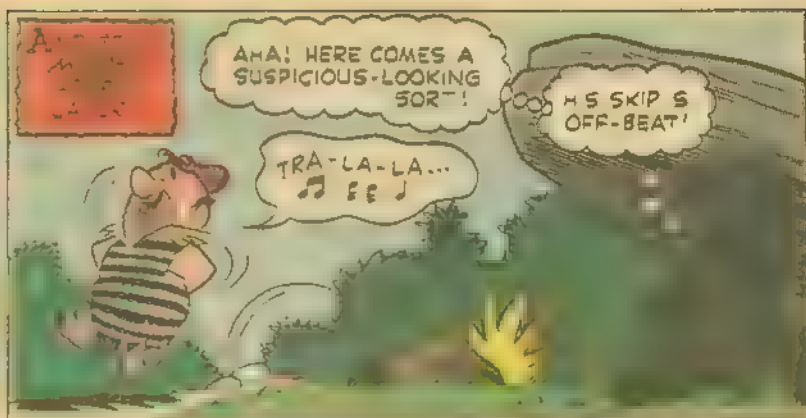
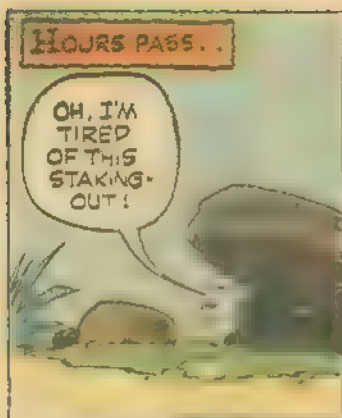
Hanna-Barbera

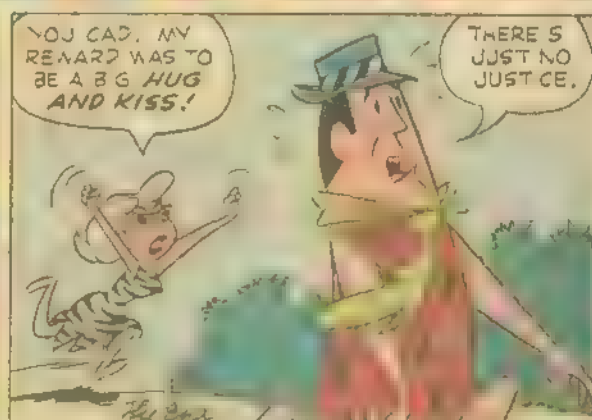
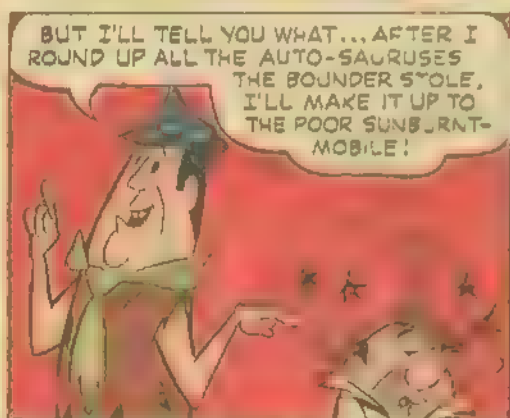
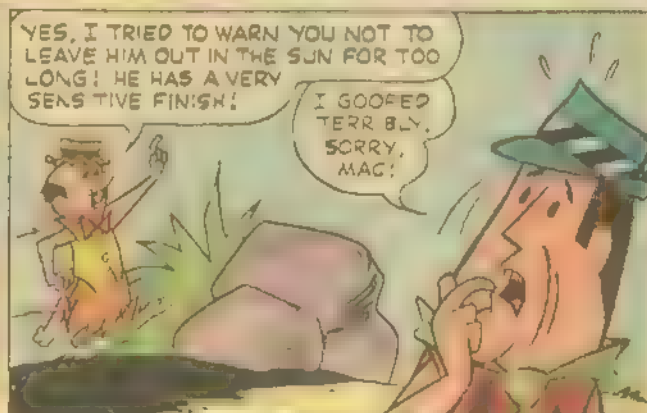
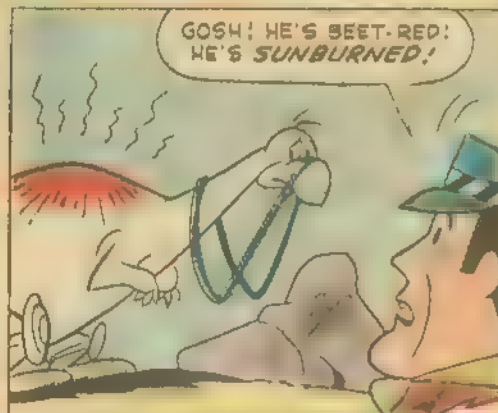
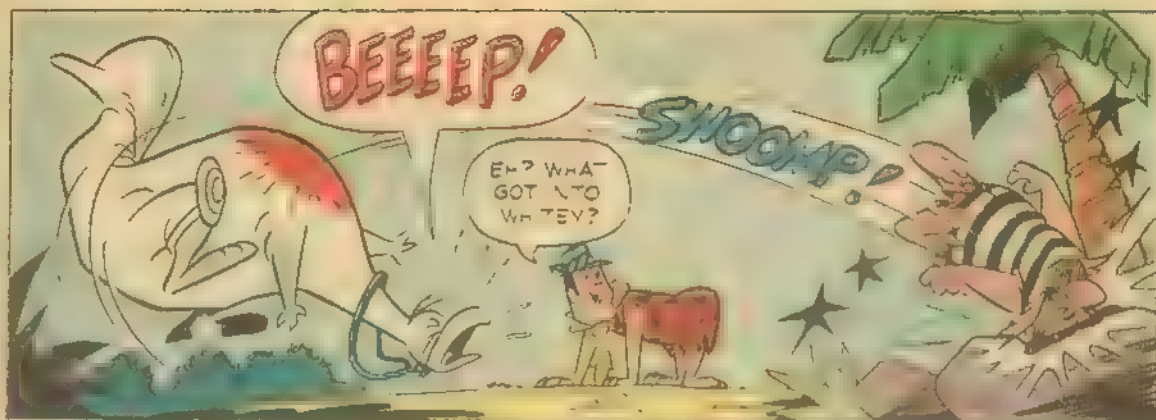
PERRY GUNNITE

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



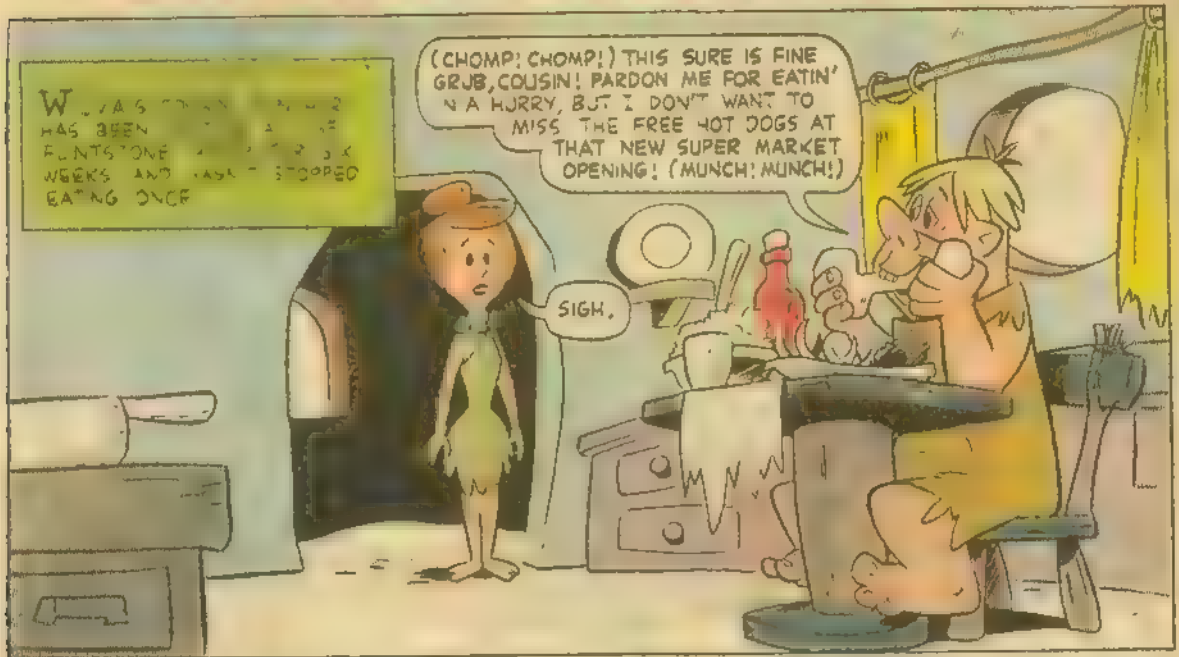




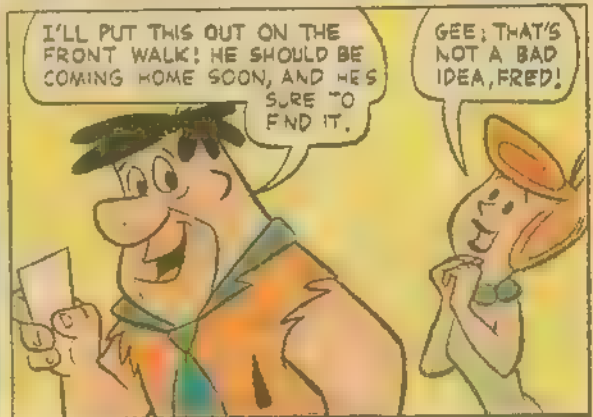
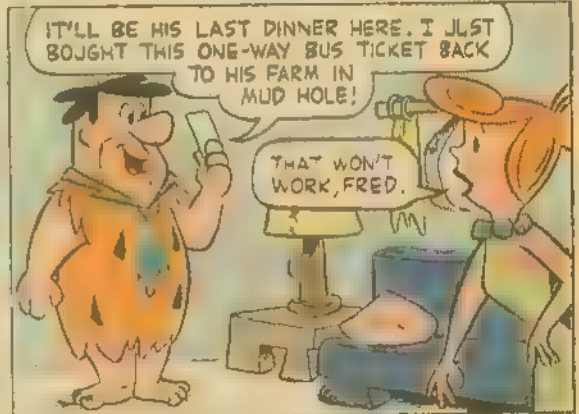
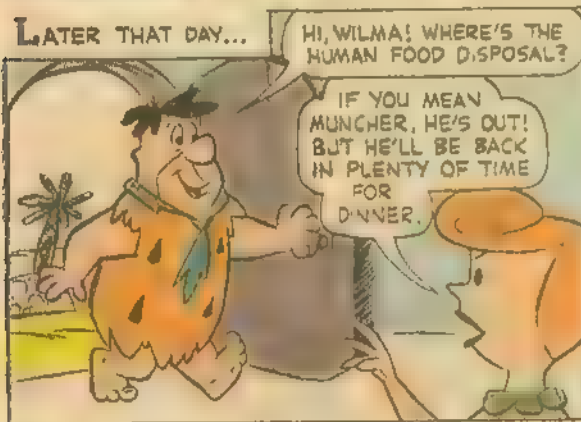


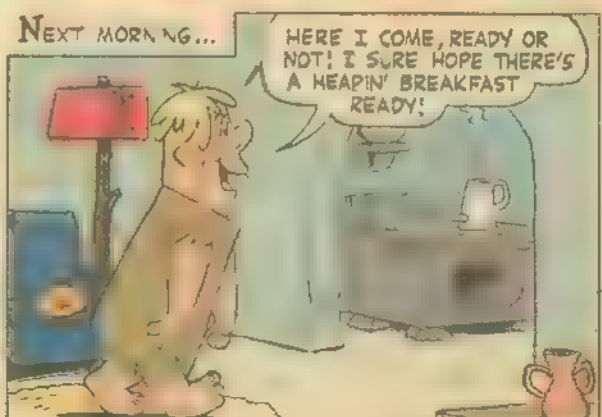
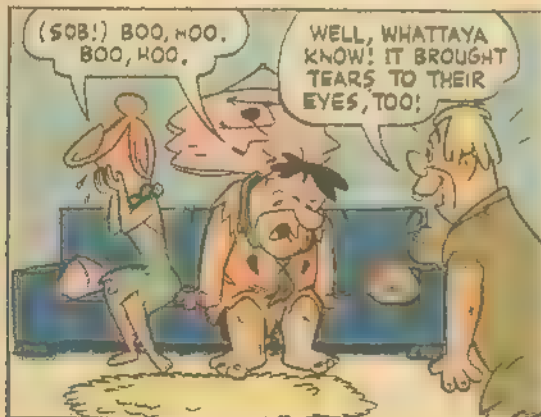
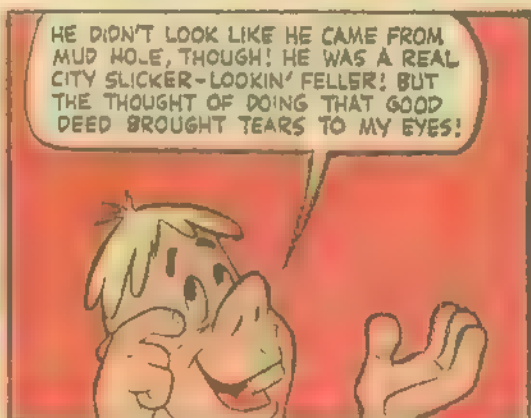
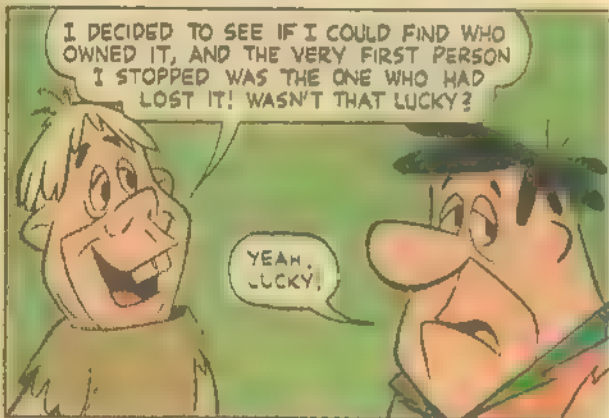
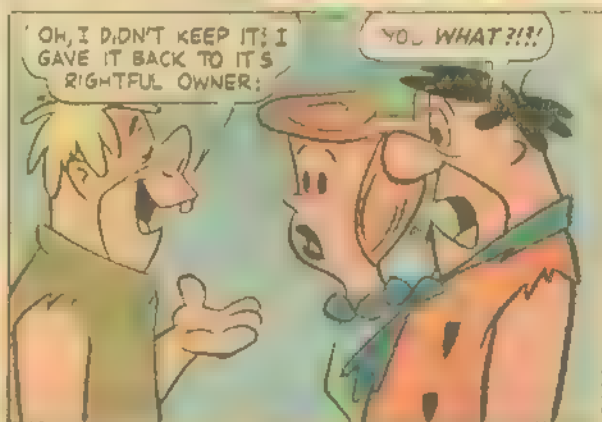
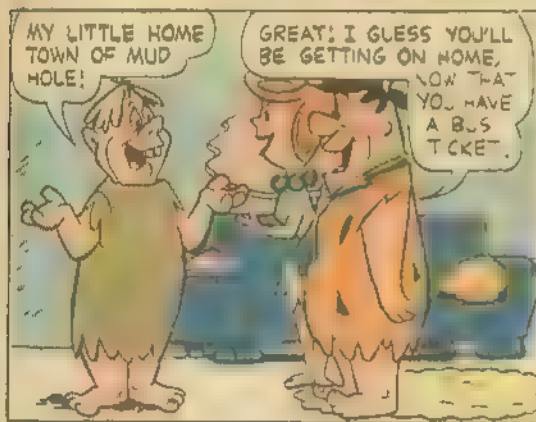
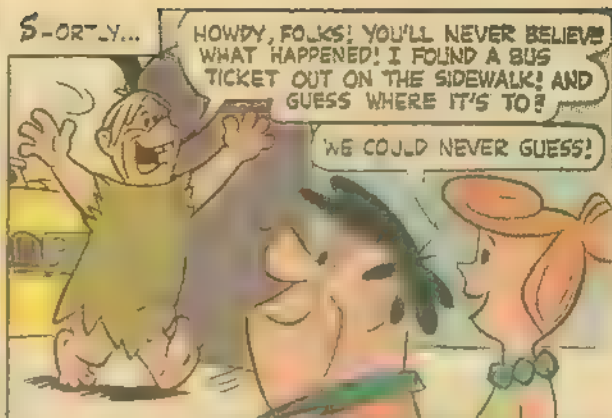
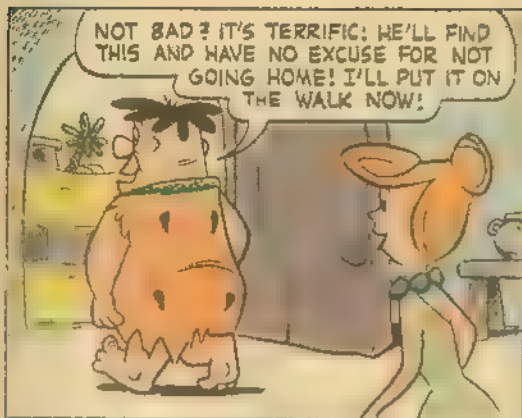
Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

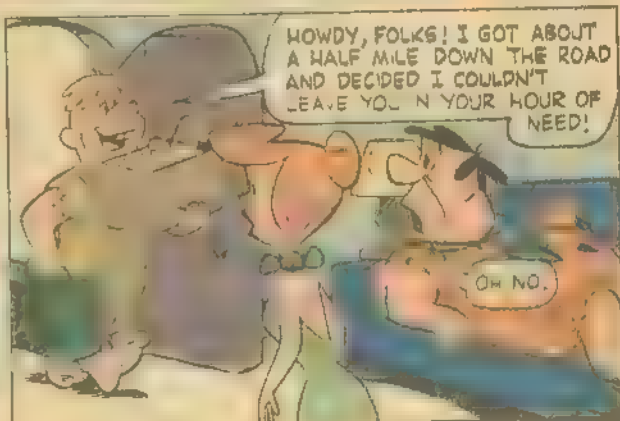
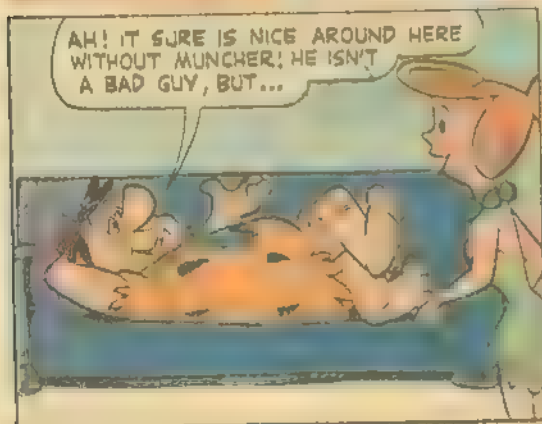
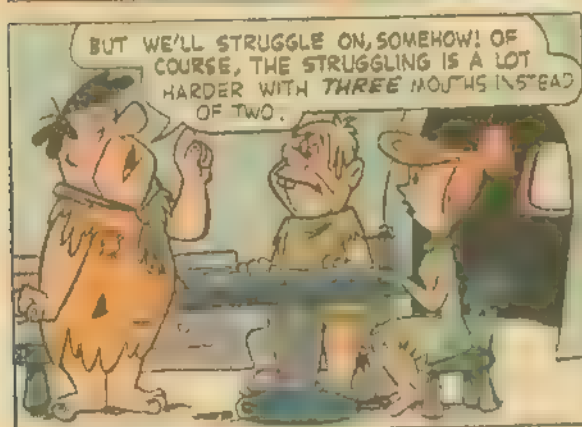
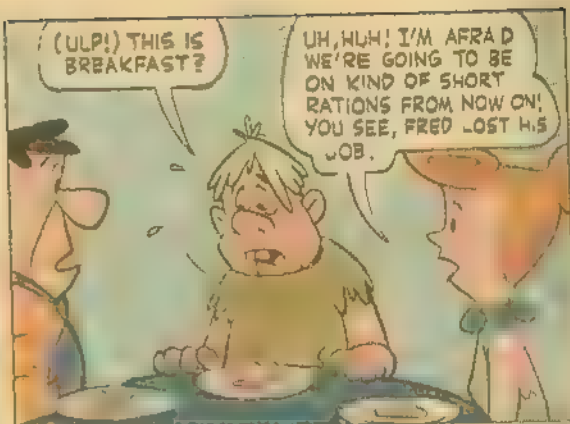
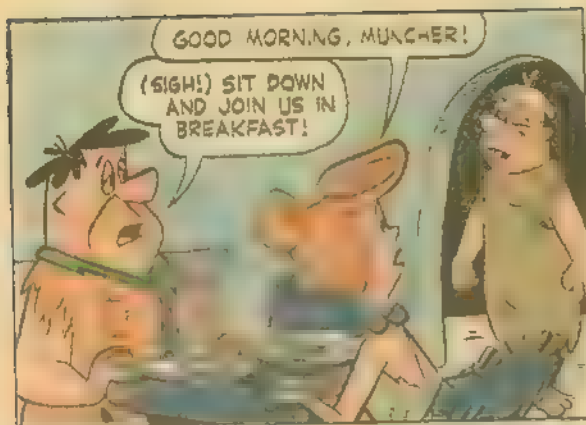
The CHAMP CHOWHOUND

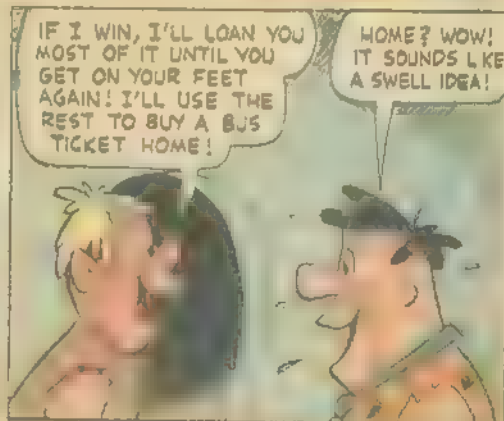
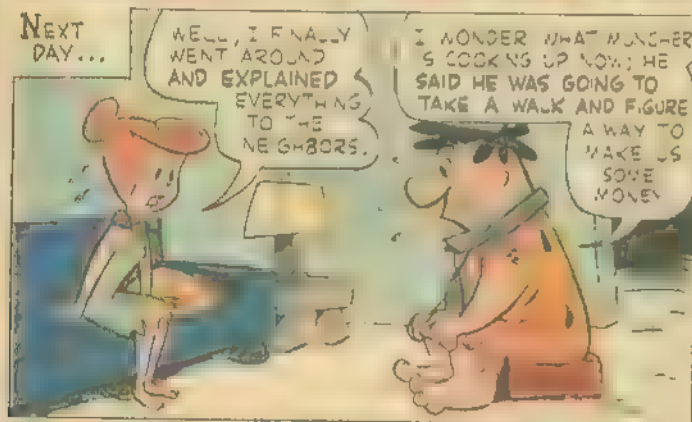
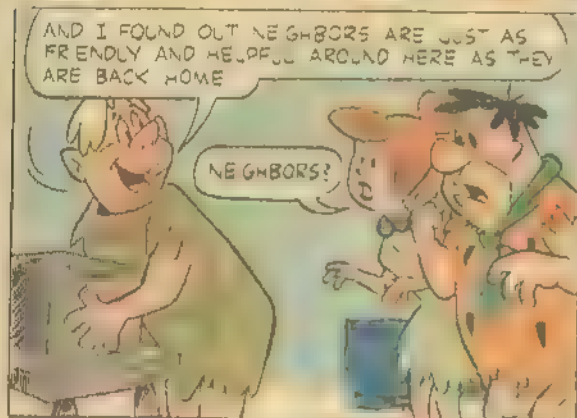
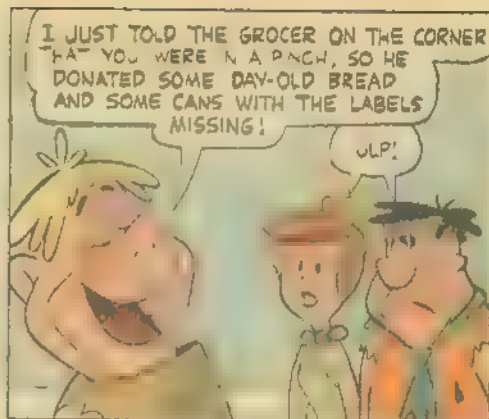
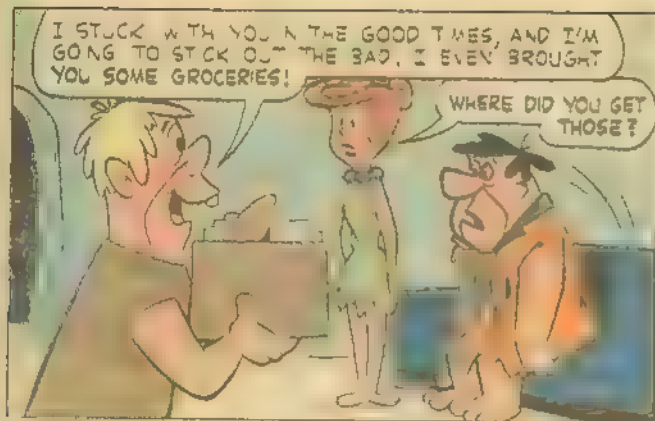


LATER THAT DAY...

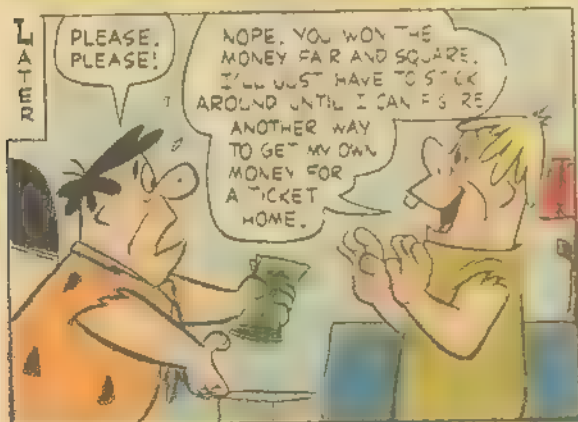
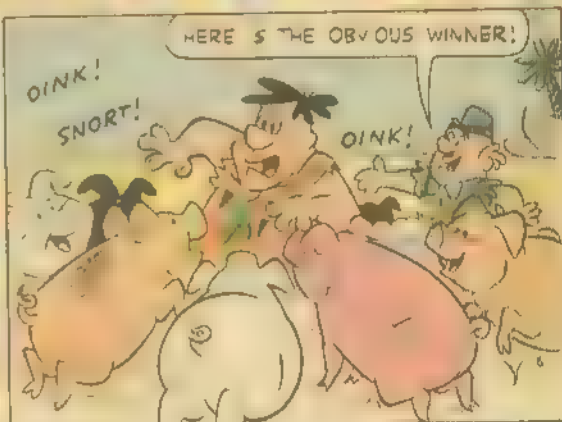
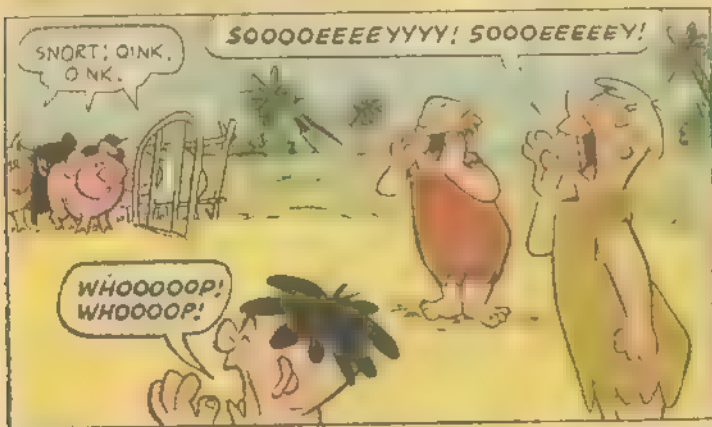




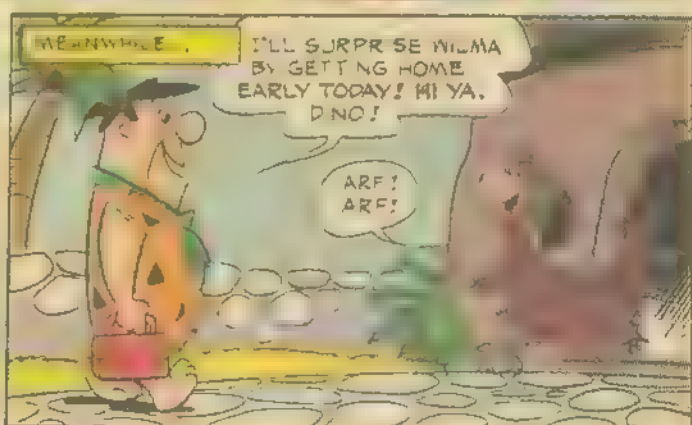
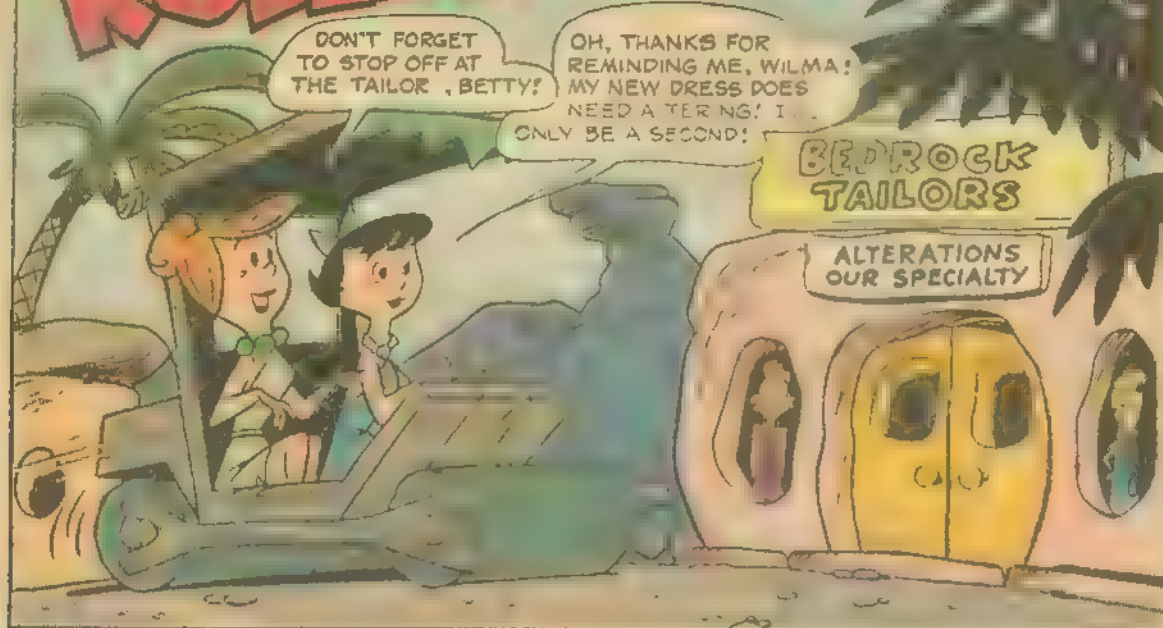


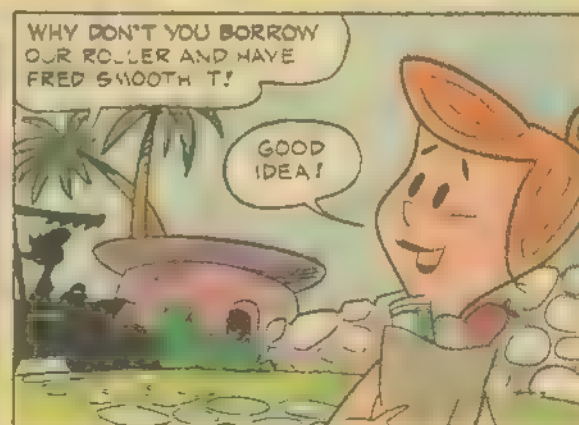
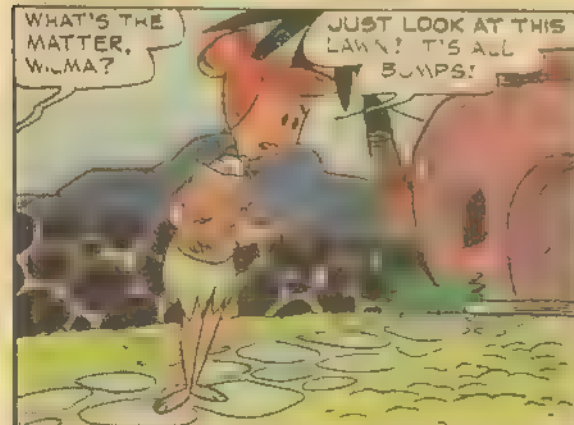
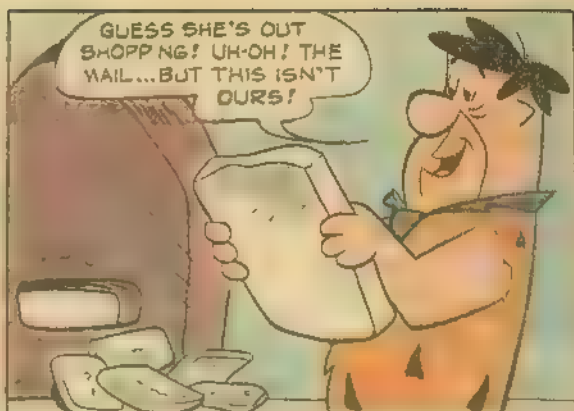


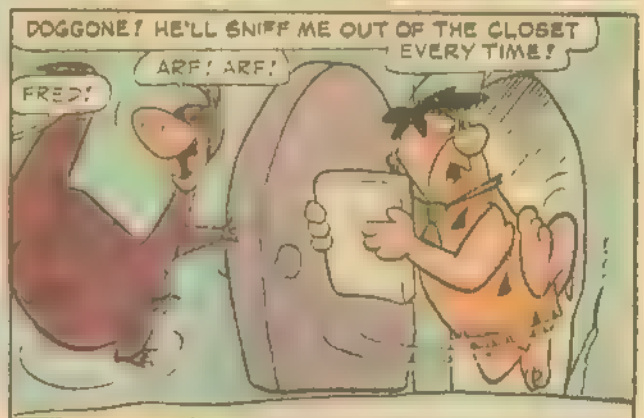
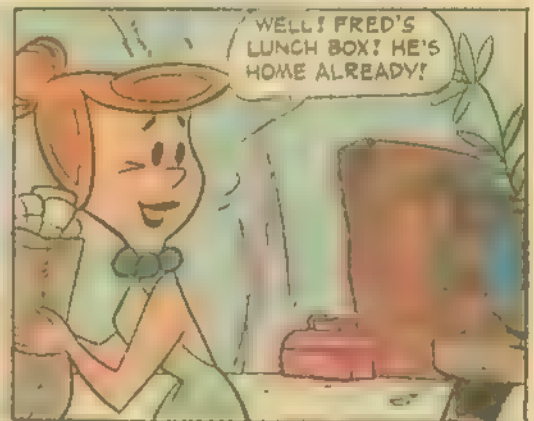
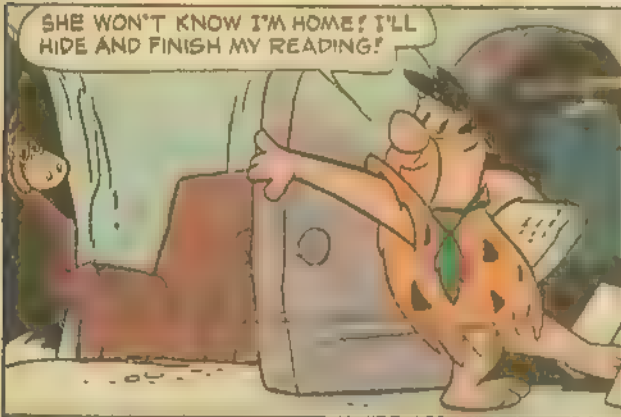
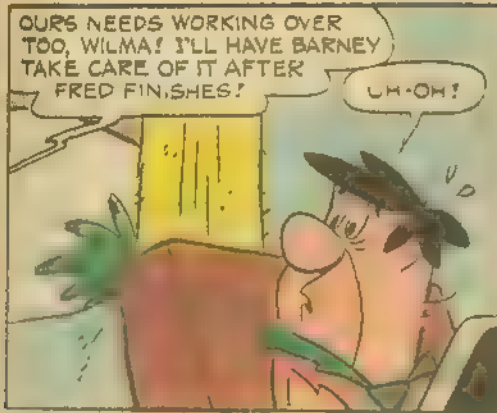
AT THE CONTEST...

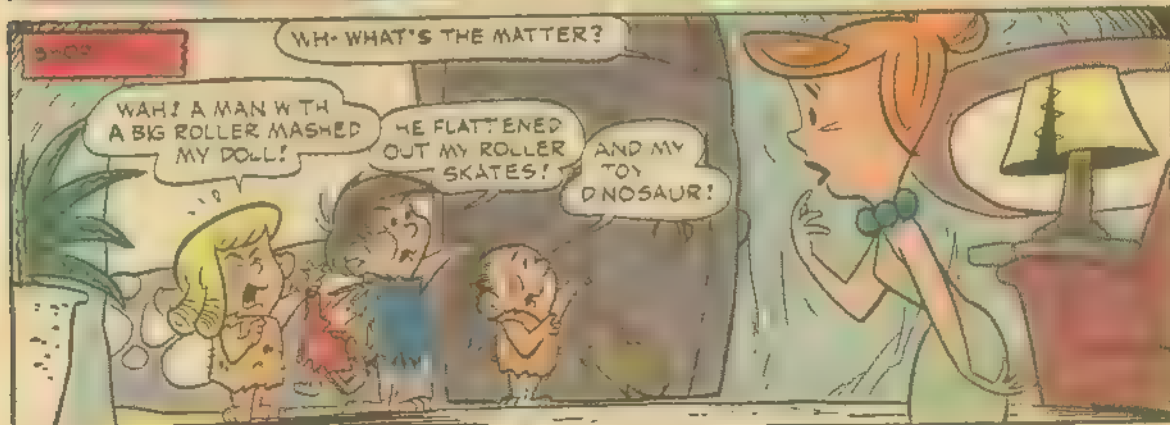
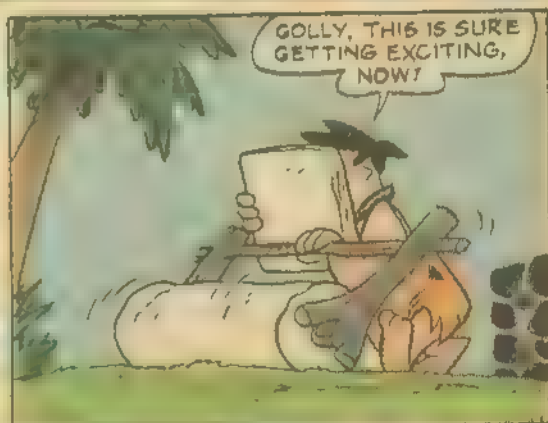
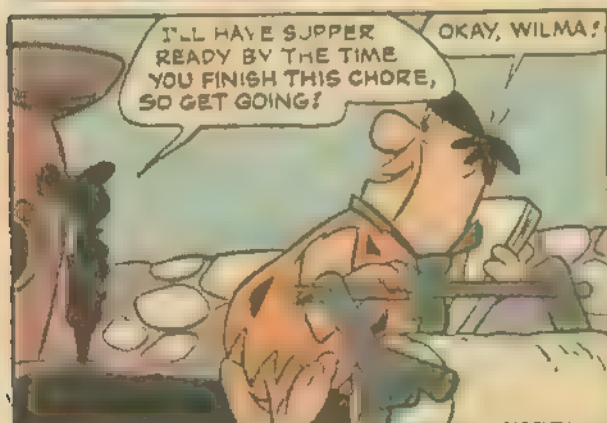
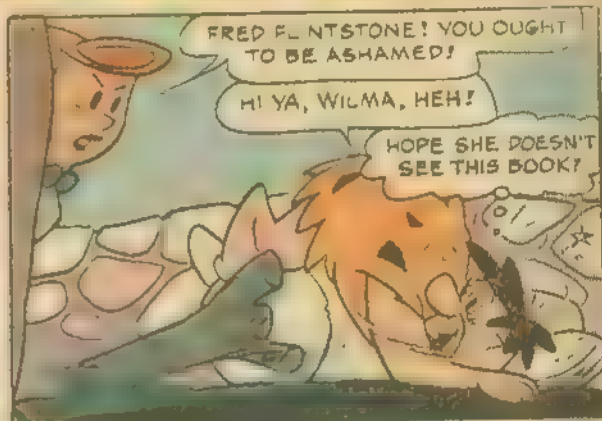
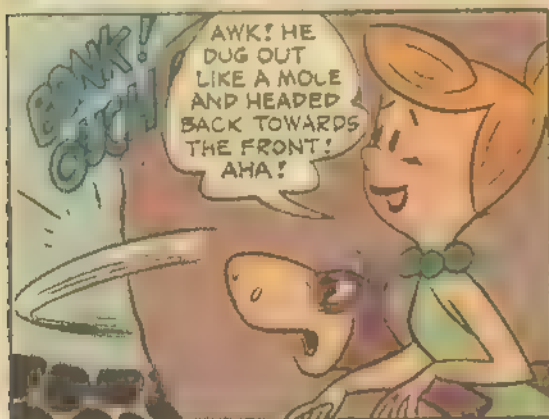
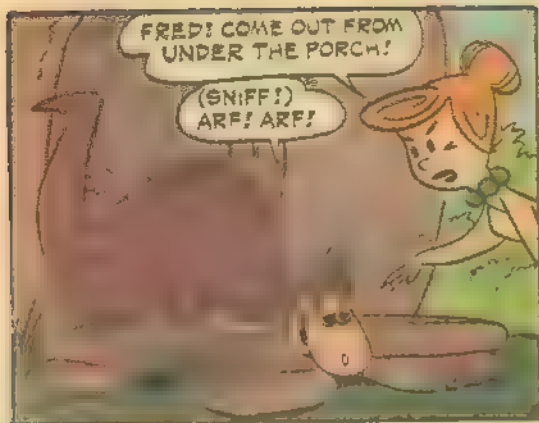


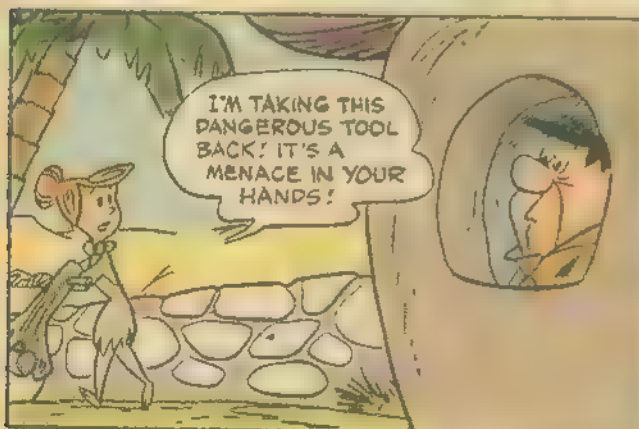
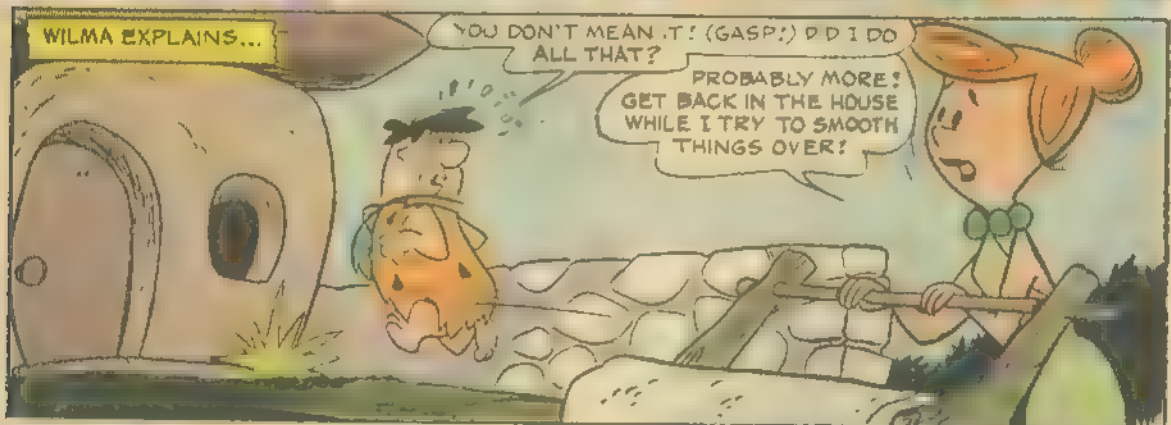
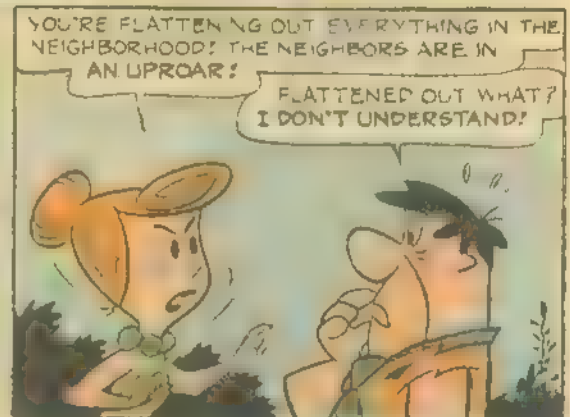
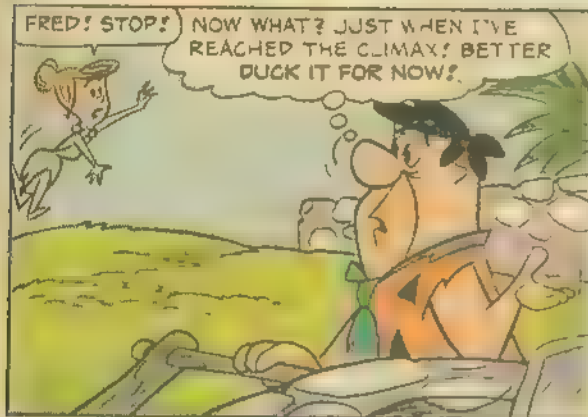
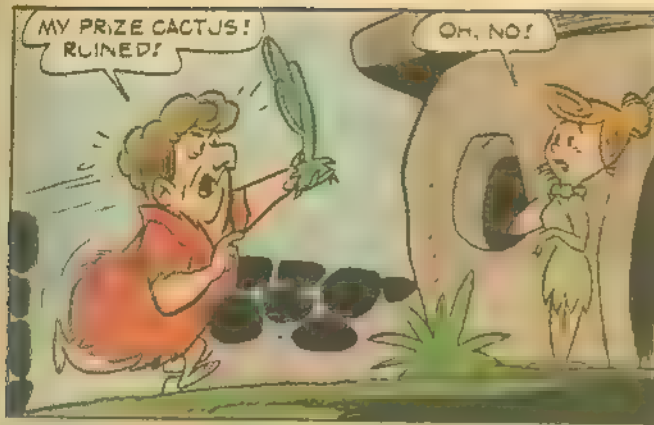
ROLLER RUCKUS

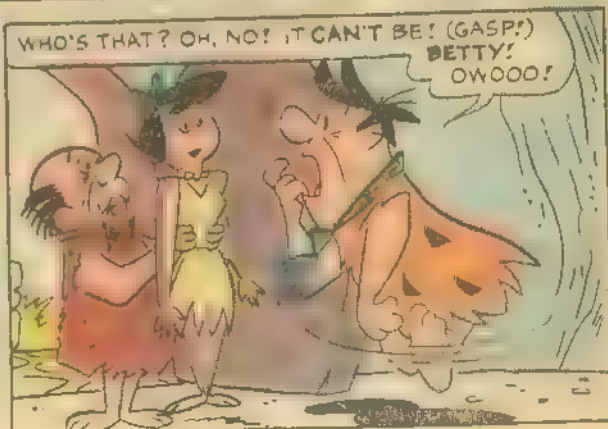
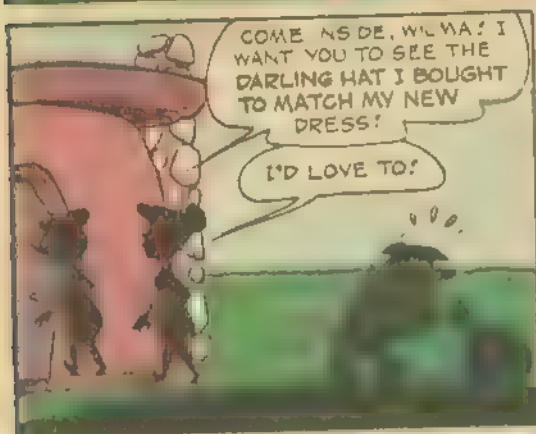
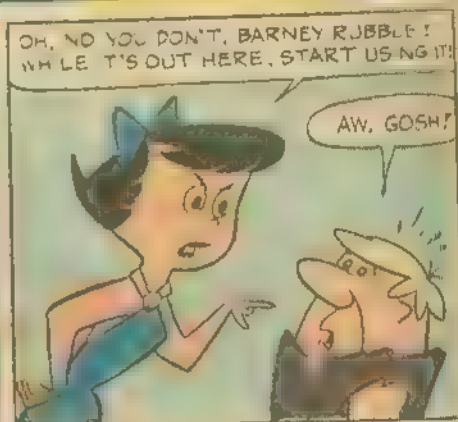
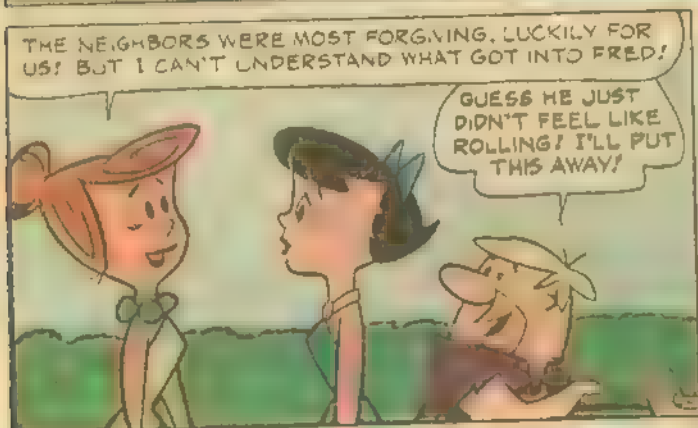
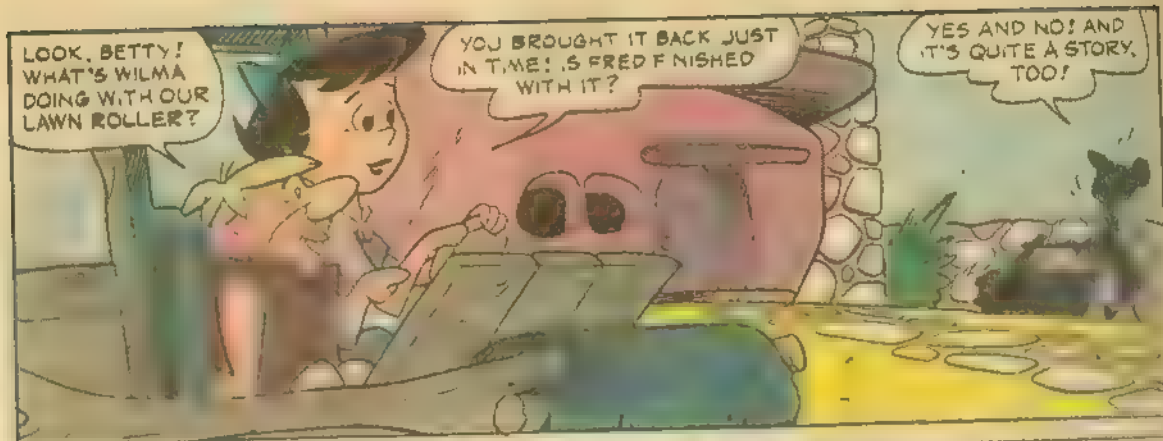


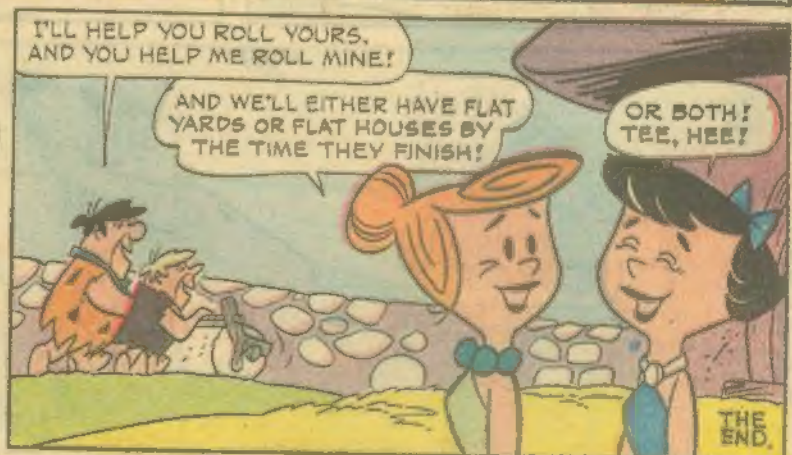
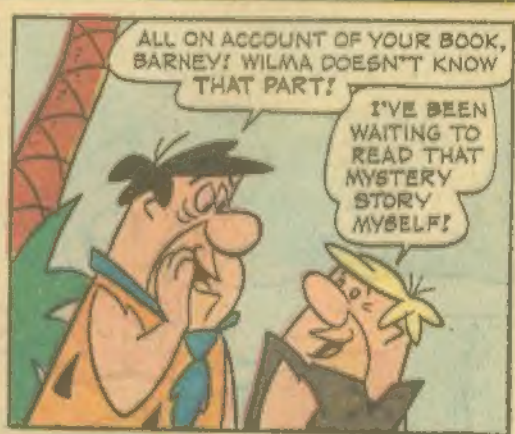






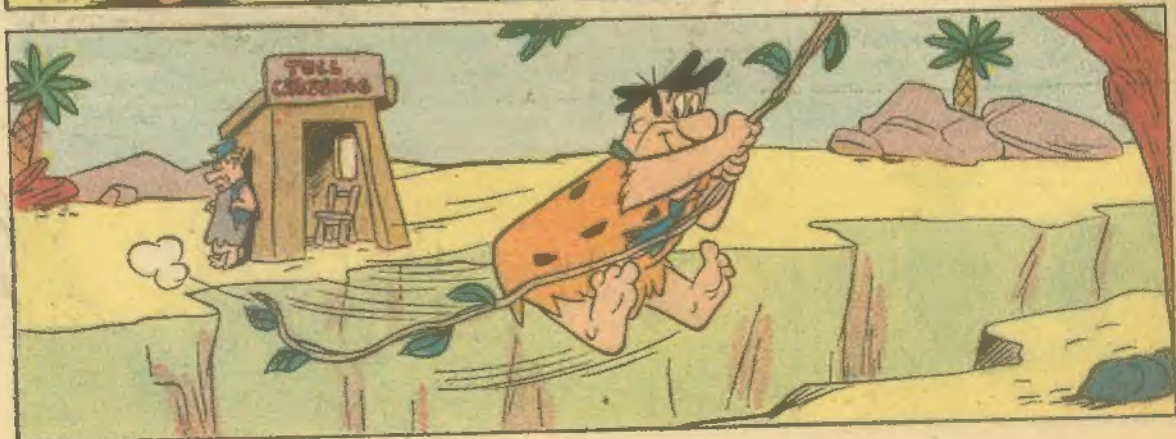






THE FLINTSTONES

TOLL CROSSING



THE FLINTSTONES

DISASTER ZONE

AND NOW FOR THE NEWS!

THE NOTED SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR ROKBLOK, HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE FLOODED IN FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS!

FLOODED?

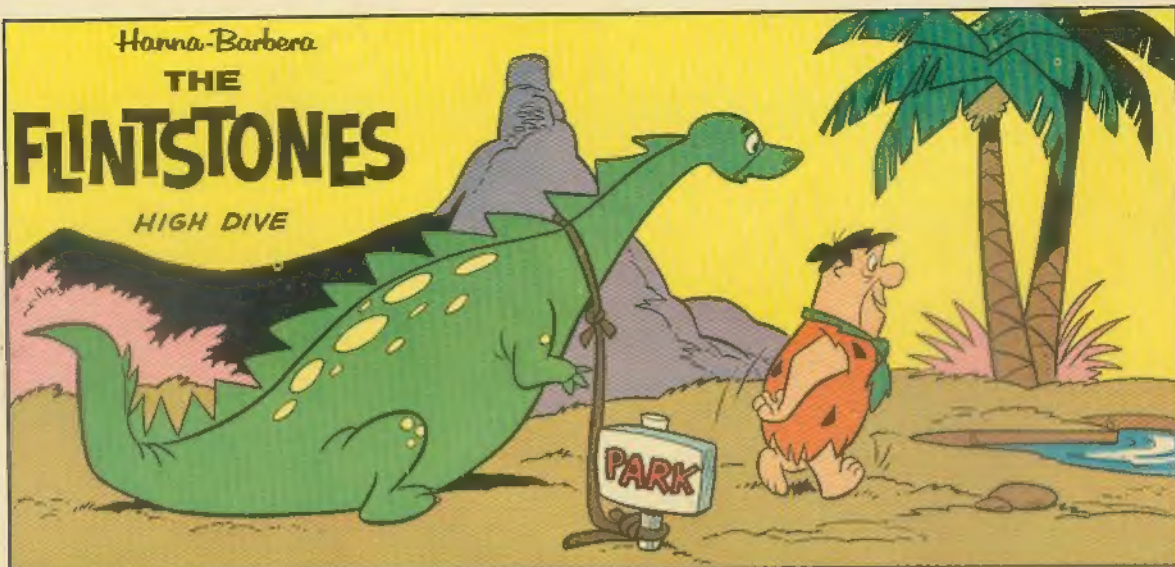
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, FRED?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE MAN? I'VE GOT TO BUILD A RAFT!

SILLY! HE SAID THE FLOOD WOULD COME IN FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS!

HE DID?

WHEW! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT HE SAID FIVE HUNDRED YEARS!



SPLASH!

